

THE CHANUTE TIMES,

A. H. TURNER, Editor and Prop'r.

CHANUTE, KANS.

KANSAS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Kansas Baptist State Convention was held at Ottawa last week.

The Kaws visited the Osages and took home with them fifty ponies and a large amount of calico.

Carlyle intends to go after gas. E. H. Funston is a member of the company that is pushing the matter.

In the Labette County district court there were during the first week, ten convictions and pleas of guilty.

One firm in Muskogee last year paid \$1,100 tribal tax for the privilege of doing business in the Creek nation.

The Exchange bank of Stockton has gone into liquidation. The owner claims that banking is not profitable.

Another new electric light company is after a franchise in Kansas City, Kan. The promoters are James A. Blair and James H. Frost.

Norton county is having a warm campaign over the location of a county high school. Every town in the county is a candidate.

Cawker City Ledger: "Twenty-one months ago W. R. Oliver purchased a sow for \$12. For the sow and increase he has realized \$172.80.

Fred Roberts of Wellington attends college at Norman, O. T., where all his expenses are paid in order to secure his services on the foot ball team.

It is said that a Kansas man who used to make money operating a color quarry in this state went out to Colorado and went broke on gold mines.

Since the legislature established the twine plant at the penitentiary the price of hemp has gone up 100 per cent. This is due to the war in the Philippines.

The shipping of cattle has commenced in Washita county. The Rock Island has been promised 200 carloads of cattle to be shipped over that line from Mountain View. The cattle are looking fine and will command top prices.

A Barber county farmer whose home was totally destroyed by fire is now scratching about in the ruins trying to recover \$550 in gold which he had stuck away in the house. He has succeeded in recovering a portion of it, some in pieces as small as shot.

The Cherokees and Delawares are at outs over the title which the Delawares claim to their 100,000 acres of well improved land. The land is underlaid with vast deposits of oil, gas and coal, which fact is causing trouble, as the Cherokees want the revenues from leases.

The Kenton Cimarron News speaks of the increased interest in the rich copper leads in Beaver county. Men with capital are testing the leads and veins. The Carrico mining camp is swarming. The camp is 85 miles from Lamar, Col., and the building of a trolley line from Lamar is talked of. The mines are 12 or 15 miles north of Kenton.

Annually in Kansas when the assessors of the various townships arrange the basis of assessment there is a roar on account of the glaring inconsistencies in the taxation scheme of the state. A great stir is kicked up, and the demand is made that this Great Evil be remedied. Then the kicking dies away, soon it is forgotten, and the old yell sleeps for another year, to break out with the same old vigor and the same old result.—Capital.

Elmdale has a race problem. A teacher refuses to stay with her school if a colored girl is allowed to attend, and patrons are threatening to boycott the institution. The board is trying to make peace.

The townsie appraising board at Ardmore has discovered that the streets were badly laid out and the surveyors were compelled to run streets through residence and business property. The Episcopal church is squarely in the middle of a street, and will have to be moved.

The Territorial university has a greater number of students in its freshman class this year than it had in the entire university last year. The pharmacy school has trebled in number.

There is more green grass in the Rock Island lawn in front of the Goodland depot than any other place on their Kansas system. It is kept clean, given plenty of water and has become a pleasing sight to sight-seers on the Rock Island. The grass is as green now as it was any time during the spring and summer.

There are 252 students in attendance at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical college. Every county in the territory, except two in the extreme west, is represented, and students are in attendance from Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Pennsylvania and Indian territory.

Topeka now has a garbage crematory in which is consumed all dead animals and all garbage gathered and carried to it from the city. Its capacity is 120 tons every ten hours. There is no smoke or odor from it.

A Glasco man's alfalfa crop brought him \$40 an acre this year.

Miss Alice Spradlin, the Topeka girl who nursed the sick at Manila, is a graduate of the State Normal; class of '04.

A post office has been established at Letchum, Cherokee nation, I. T., and Jesse M. Geltman appointed postmaster.

Concordia is experiencing pleasant thrills. The H. D. Lee Mercantile company is figuring on opening a branch there.

An Osborne man unearthed a perfect buffalo skeleton 10 feet below the surface of the ground while digging a well recently.

The three principal towns of Jewell county, Mankato, Burr Oak, and Jewell City are now connected by a single telephone system.

The old artillery sheds at Fort Leavenworth are burned to the ground. They had been empty since 1891 and were of no real value.

Rev. Davis, pastor of the Baptist church at Gaylord, also acts as superintendent of construction on the new church that is under way.

A. Mueller of Burlington, spent seven years in the Transvaal and he does not have a very favorable opinion of President Kruger or of the Boers.

Pittsburg has built a building for the court of common pleas and has presented it to the county. The structure is a handsome one and cost about \$30,000.

Garber, O. T., station of the Rock Island, 15 miles east of North Enid, opened for regular business October 23, with Mr. W. P. Vorhees as agent in charge.

Bud Colbert, a Chickasaw is building the finest residence in Indian Territory. It is on the Twelve-Mile prairie near Caddo, and will have about twenty rooms.

The assignment of Major General Guy V. Henry to the command of the department of Missouri with headquarters at Omaha, was a surprise for the regulars at Fort Reno.

Cattle are coming into Liberal from all points of the compass, but mainly from the south and west. This is the greatest shipping year in the history of that end of the Rock Island.

Mr. W. I. Allen, who recently resigned as assistant general manager of the Rock Island road, will become general manager of the Iowa Central railway, with headquarters in Des Moines.

John W. Breidenthal is making a collection of different spellings of his name. Once he had 157 different varieties but he lost the book in a fire at Chetopa. So he began all over again.

Jim Lipton, the veteran hotel man at Downs, is a cousin of Sir Thomas Lipton. The yachtman sent his Kansas cousin an invitation to attend the races but it was not possible for him to accept.

A cattle train was wrecked, October 25, near Argonia on the Southern Kansas road. Eight cars were smashed up and 200 cattle killed and probably 100 crippled. The train was enroute from Texas to Kansas City.

Bunnie Meade, of the Meade Cycle company of Chicago, is in the city visiting his father, Hon. J. R. Meade. He is way up near the top in the roll of honor of Wichita boys who went out into the wide world and made a great success.

It required 1,250 electric lamps of different colors to form the mottoes and decorations to be used in the electrical illumination of the State house for the reception. Of this number 400 will be used in the electric flag over the southern entrance, and the lights will appear and disappear in such a way as to give the flag a waving appearance.

Oklahoma pastures are covered with a bunch and buffalo grasses, which are nutritious all winter.

Kansas has been an excellent field for pickpockets this year. The street fairs, carnivals and reunions have brought together people for them to work on and they have done the rest.

While "cutting" a bunch of cattle, Com. Reeves, a stock shipper of Parkerville, was thrown on his head and shoulders by the falling off his horse, and his neck dislocated. He lived some time after the accident.

Topeka Capital: An account of the coronation of the Wichita street fair and carnival should be sent to Queen Victoria. The Wichita style will prove an eye-opener to her when she reflects on the pokey style in which such functions were performed in the long ago when she was young.

On the farm of Charles F. Hutchinson in Smith county there is a cheese factory which has been in operation since 1892, which has a capacity of 4,000 pounds of milk a day, with a daily output of about 400 pounds of cheese.

The Indian agent at Muskogee has served notice on all merchants in the Cherokee nation to pay the tax due the Cherokee nation at once. Failure to pay means that places of business will be closed and the offending parties be subject to removal from the territory.

The Wathena Star notes a strike of rock haulers working in a Doniphan county quarry. They wanted more pay, and got it. "Some of the men who refused to work," says the Star, "were making \$30 a week, and some weeks they were doing a little better."

That Mysterious Major...



...BY...
ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Oh, dear, yes!" assented Falkland readily. "It was the talk of London. Well, what have they discovered?"

"Why, that a man who answers to the description of a suspicious-looking person who disappeared from England in rather peculiar circumstances at the time of all those forgeries is supposed to have left New York on the steamer City of Chicago on the 12th of this month; and, should this really be so, he ought to have arrived in Liverpool at the beginning of the week. Just as you were speaking of this Brown of London it struck me—"

"That he might be the forger himself? Ah, perhaps he is," exclaimed Evelyn, with a gleam of amusement in her eyes. "Let us all keep a careful watch upon him, and do our best to gain the reward which somebody has offered for him."

"Very well, Miss Eve; you may depend upon me to help you in your investigations. My services are at your disposal whenever you may require them," was Falkland's reply; but, though the words were uttered lightly, there was a sort of resolution lying latent beneath his apparent carelessness. "Only do not forget to take care of your own cheque-books, or in the meanwhile you may find he has been dipping pretty heavily into your cheque-books as well. But goodbye for the present. I shall be coming again to see for which night you will like tickets for the theater, and then I will telephone down."

As the door closed behind the tall, rather gaunt, but at the same time prepossessing form of Gilbert Falkland, Lady Howard sank back in her chair with a sign of supreme satisfaction.

"Dear me, what should we do without that man? He is really too good

his words had carried more weight than he had had the satisfaction of imagining.

At the time it had never struck her as peculiar that a man who was an absolute stranger to her should have been able to single out from the number of letters one in particular for her, thus showing that he knew her address perfectly. It puzzled her though, considerably now, especially as the idea flashed through her mind, as it had done before even as she stood in the hall that that letter was not lying among the others when she had first looked over the table. It had seemed a trifling matter at the time; she would never have troubled to think anything more about it if Mr. Falkland had not declared that this man must have known something of her name and had taken the earliest opportunity of trying to make her acquaintance.

But now, since he had told her what really villainous characters were constantly to be found at such quiet seaside hotels as the "Royal George," she began to realize that, if this Mr. Brown were one of the number, he would be capable of anything, and, seeing her coming, had probably hidden her letter in order to obtain the necessary excuse for addressing her.

"Well, at any rate, he shall not speak to me again!" mentally resolved Miss Luttrell, as she stirred her coffee and buttered a piece of toast. "Mr. Brown of London is mistaken if he imagines that Aunt Lydia and I are two helpless individuals whom he can take in and impose upon as he likes. He had better try—that is all!"

CHAPTER IV.

Evelyn, however, had reckoned without her host. Later in the morning she was hurrying upstairs with a message to her aunt's maid, when, as she



in troubling himself so much about us and our concerns."

Lady Howard spoke feelingly. Nobody could have ever taken the reins of government more unwillingly into her own hands than her ladyship had done upon the death of her husband three years before, when she had been left a rich but somewhat helpless widow, with a large estate and three growing children. In the years of her married life everything had devolved upon Sir Wilfred; and, though, as time wore on, she became more accustomed to her sense of perfect independence, and had actually consented to an additional care in the shape of the guardianship of her niece, her brother's child, she was still only too thankful if any one would relieve her a little of the weight of the responsibilities which hung so heavily upon her shoulders.

Consequently Gilbert Falkland, whom they had chanced to meet upon the continent for the first time only a month before, but who had introduced himself as one of the late Sir Wilfred's oldest friends, had found his attentions thoroughly acceptable to the widow; and, as it happened that he had been going by the same route as Lady Howard and her niece, he had constituted himself courier and guide, and had taken upon his own shoulders all the troubles and worries inseparable from continental traveling.

At home in England once more, fortune had thrown Mr. Falkland across their path again, and Lady Howard was only too pleased if he would still do anything for her, even if it were merely to arrange a drive or decide which of the pieces at the theaters was really worth seeing.

But Evelyn scarcely heard the sigh of contentment which had followed Mr. Falkland's departure. Her thoughts were running in quite another direction; for, in spite of the nonchalance with which she had laughed away Gilbert Falkland's observations upon the encounter with the man in the hall,

was somewhat breathlessly mounting the last flight, a tall figure, which she recognized at a glance as Major Brown's, suddenly appeared at the top of the staircase, which he was just about to descend.

Summoning all her dignity to her aid and with her head set proudly back, Miss Luttrell had prepared to pass on quickly without deigning him more than a coldly regal bow, when to her amazement, as his eyes met hers, he immediately paused before her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Luttrell, but I believe I have found some lost property of yours. Did you not drop a handkerchief in the dining room last evening?"

It was a trifling question, certainly, still it sent the color flaming into the girl's cheeks. "A handkerchief?" she repeated. "No; I am sure I did not!"—with a decided shake of her head.

"Are you quite sure, though, because I feel certain it is yours—at least it has your initials on it?" he returned, producing the article in question and holding up the corner where the crest of the Luttrells was embroidered over the initials "E. C. L." "This is it. Is it not yours?"

Evelyn looked at it astonished. It was impossible to deny the ownership. "Oh, yes—it is mine!"

The admission was made with such reluctance that Major Brown was conscious of a feeling that in delivering up the handkerchief to its rightful owner he was rather under an obligation to her for deigning to accept it than that she owed anything to him.

He was therefore quite astonished at the polite but distant "thank you" which rewarded his efforts, and stood for some minutes lost in contemplation of the slight graceful figure as it retreated down a long corridor.

"It is no go, I am afraid, this time," he muttered half aloud. "Samba's mistress has scented mischief already."

Yes, undoubtedly his scheme had

failed. She had not been so blind as to believe that in both cases his effort to speak to her was merely chance; and the major realized with a sense of the keenest disappointment that, as matters stood, it was practically useless hoping to make the slightest progress toward a more intimate acquaintance.

There was nothing for it therefore but to let things take their own course for a day or two, in the meanwhile preserving such a strict silence, when chancing to encounter Miss Luttrell, as to disarm her of all suspicions, and then to trust to fate to throw her in some way across his path. At any rate, he was prepared to remain an occupant of No. 40, on the second floor of the "Royal George," even if he had to remain until doomsday for that auspicious moment to arrive.

Until doomsday! Yet, when only one hot sultry afternoon, one cool dewy evening, and one sunny morning had passed, Major Brown was thoroughly impatient.

It was the afternoon of the second day after his decision, and he was standing at the open window of the smoking room with a most dejected expression upon his face. It seemed such a hopeless case to imagine that by keeping aloof from her in this way he was making the slightest progress towards the stage of friendship at which he was resolved sooner or later to arrive. What should he do with himself? Go for a stroll in the town? Yes; anything would be better than dawdling away his time as he had been doing all the morning. He was on the point of withdrawing when footsteps beneath the window and voices in slight but decided altercation arrested his attention.

"No; it is of no use—you are not to come! I want to have a quiet afternoon under the trees, so that I can read my book without any chance of an interruption. I have just reached a most exciting point, and I am dying to see how it all ends."

"But how can my presence affect your peace and comfort if I promise not to speak? Surely, if I bring plenty of literature of my own in which I am equally interested, you cannot object—"

"Yes; but I do. I know so well what would happen. Just at the most pathetic part, when the hero and heroine were plunged in the depths of despair, you would look calmly up from one of Reuter's most matter-of-fact telegrams, to discover me with tears streaming down my cheeks. No, Mr. Falkland—go into Saltcliffe, as you had arranged, buy a new flower for your coat and—"

But at that point the voices and footsteps passed out of hearing.

The major shrugged his shoulders and knocked the ashes somewhat impatiently off his cigar as he suddenly found himself lost in a vague mental speculation as to how far those entreaties would fail or succeed. All the same, there was a slight frown upon his forehead as he turned away from the window; and, apparently forgetting his resolution to take a walk round the town, he threw himself into a low chair, to puff away at his cigar with renewed energy.

The hour of three had struck in loud measured tones before he roused himself again; and then, as though by instinct, he returned to his post at the window just in time to catch a glimpse of Miss Luttrell and a large white parasol disappearing across the lawn in the direction of an inviting clump of trees.

So the fellow had failed, after all! Involuntarily a smile rose to the Major's face, a particularly unsympathetic smile.

"Poor beggar!" he ejaculated. (To be continued.)

Ancient Wedding Houses.

In olden times certain towns and villages in England used to possess a wedding house, where poor couples, after they had been wedded at church, could entertain their friends at small cost, the only outlay being the purchase of such provisions for their guests as they brought with them, the house for the day being given free of payment. At Braughing (or Brachings), in Hertfordshire, there was a wedding house of this kind, which had a large kitchen with a cauldron, large spits and dripping pan; a large room for merriment, and a lodging-room, with good linen. At Great Yeldham, in Essex, there was another such house, which was used by the poorer folk for dining in after they returned from the church. As the practice became obsolete the wedding house was turned into a school. In 1456 Roger Thornton granted to the mayor and community of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the use of the hall and kitchen belonging to Thornton's hospital, for the use of young couples, when they were married to make their wedding dinner in, and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends.

Why Purple Became the Imperial Color Purple became the imperial color because of its enormous cost and rarity. The only purple known to the ancients was the Tyrian purple, which was obtained in minute quantities only from a Mediterranean species of shell fish, called the murex. In the time of Cleopatra, wool, double dyed with this color, was so excessively dear that a single pound weight cost a thousand denarii, or about thirty-five pounds sterling. A single murex only yielded a little drop of the secretion, consequently very large numbers had to be taken in order to obtain enough to dye even a very small amount of wool. Amongst more than one of the nations of antiquity it was death for any person but the sovereign or supreme judges to wear garments dyed with Tyrian purple. Upon the accession of Julius Caesar a law was passed forbidding any private person to wear it.

PROFIT IN SHRINES.

BIRTHPLACES OF NOTABLES MAKING MONEY.

On an Average Thirty-Five Thousand People Visit Burns' Birthplace Every Year—Ten Times as Many Go to Ann Hathaway's Cottage.

Last year no fewer than 36,000 people passed the turnstiles which guard the entrance to the little room in which Burns first saw the light, says the London Daily Mail. In 1896, the centenary year of Burns' death, the number reached 38,000; and, as 2d is demanded from each visitor, a very simple calculation will show what a large sum of money is annually obtained by this means. The cottage is a very humble, one-storied little erection, with a thatched roof, and the poet's father, when he first went to live there, would have opened his eyes pretty widely had any one been able to tell him what a sum was one day to be received for it. The place was bought from him (after the poet's death) by a corporation of shoemakers, who afterward sold it to the present trustees for £4,000. Another famous birthplace, which attracts a large number of people, is that of Thomas Carlyle, at Ecclefechan, which is twenty or thirty miles north of Carlisle. There is no fixed scale of charges for visiting this cottage, but as 1,205 people climbed the stairs last year, and each probably left something with the caretaker, it will be easily seen that here, too, is a nice little property. There are other places, more or less well known, scattered about in different parts of England and Wales, which the tourist often visits. Shakespeare is still a veritable little gold mine to Stratford-on-Avon. People from all parts of the world make pilgrimages to the little Warwickshire town, in order to see the famous poet's birthplace. The charge for admission to the house is 6d, but as an interesting museum is usually visited at the same time, for which an extra 6d is demanded, few persons leave the building without leaving 1 shilling behind them. Then there is Ann Hathaway's cottage to be also seen. This is a mile away from Stratford, at the pretty little village of Shottery, and it is where the poet's wife was wooed and won. The writer during a recent visit to it was informed that on an average 100 people a day all the year round come to see the cottage, and, as each visitor pays 6d, £700 or £800 a year must be made out of it.

Woes of a Ticket Seller.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: James D. Brown of the Lake Shore ticket office keeps tab on the numerous queer questions asked by the traveling public. The other day a lady's voice was wafted over the phone, asking: "How far is it to Chicago?" Said Mr. Brown: "Three hundred and fifty-seven miles." "Will it be the same coming back?" "I think so." "By the fast express, I mean." "Yes, by the fast express." The same day a lady drove up to the ticket office in a cab, rushed into the place and breathlessly asked: "What time does that train go?" "What train?" asked the addressee. "To Albany, of course!"—as though all roads and trains led to Rooseveltville. A third traveler, had the ill luck of losing her pocketbook, containing \$138 and five tickets to Boston, besides sleeping car transportation. She came back for new tickets. "But, madame," said Mr. Brown, "supposing you had bought a watch at a jeweler's and lost it—would you expect him to give you another in its place?" "Makes no difference," said the poor woman. "I bought the tickets of you, and the least you can do is to give me others." But she was doomed to disappointment.

Telephone Fences.

In Kansas the ranchmen are utilizing wire fences for telephone lines. It is found that the wires are sufficiently insulated by the wooden posts to carry electric currents without perceptible loss. From the nearest telegraph station, at Liberal, fence telephone lines have been run all over Seward county, as well as into the adjoining counties of Morton and Stevens, and across into Oklahoma and Texas.

Mending.

He—Why wouldn't you see me yesterday when I called? She—I was ill. He—But I saw you through the cabin window, sewing! She—Er—well, I was on the mend, then!

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